The Commonweal

July 6, 1951

Failure in the Far East

Needed: A Constructive Policy

MAX FISCHER

Two Shades of Red

Behind the Italian Elections

GUNNAR D. KUMLIEN

Graham Greene as Critic

NEVILLE BRAYBROOKE

Volume LIV **15c** *Number 13*

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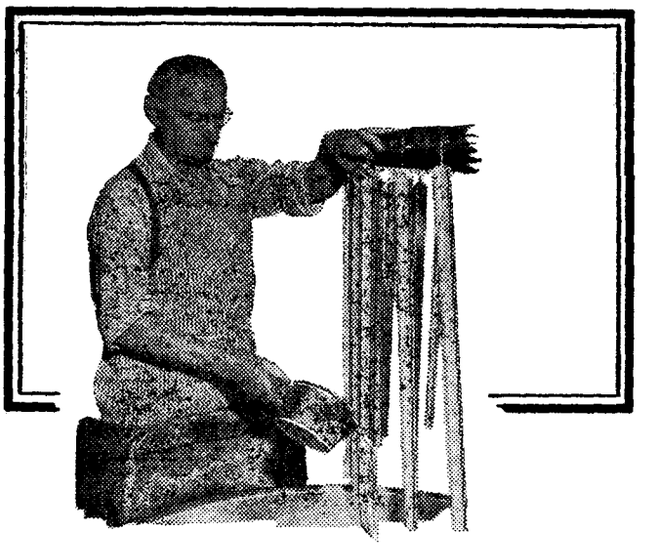

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Published weekly, printed and copyrighted, 1951, in the U. S. A., by The Commonweal Publishing Co., Inc., 386 Fourth Ave., New York 16, N. Y. MUrray Hill 3-9685. Entered as second-class matter, February 9, 1934, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. U. S. and Canada, $7 a year; Foreign $8. Single copies, 15c.

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The Commonweal

WEEK BY WEEK

In France and Italy

WHEN all the pointing with pride is over, the Communists' showing in the recent French and Italian elections remains a disquieting fact. Due to new electoral laws Communist representation in the French Chamber was cut, while Moscow adherents were dislodged from their posts in many leading cities of Italy. But the evidence of solid Communist strength remains.

In both countries millions voted Stalinist out of protest. For varying reasons real wages have even declined, rebuilding of homes and factories has lagged; at the same time taxes and basic living costs have been rising. Thanks to billions in ECA payments there has been a marked revival in French and Italian industry, but the worker is still unable to obtain a decent living. American aid means little to the worker personally.

The people of France, who registered a large majority vote for the Atlantic Pact and for resistance to further Russian aggression, still have five million Communist-voting compatriots to contend with. There the economic problem is how to carry out simultaneously such costly measures as rearmament for European defense with the costly war in Indo-China; modernization of French industry and a national rebuilding program; wage increases (without further inflation) and social security.

To do all this with present productive resources simply isn't in the cards. To liquidate the war in Indo-China by turning over defense of the area—by gradual stages—to well-armed and well-trained native forces and to the UN, and to postpone certain plans for reconstruction would materially pare expenditures. Additional American aid on a modest scale would render the rest of the program economically feasible.

But it would be a mistake to interpret the 75 percent non-Communist vote in France as an enthusiastic popular endorsement of American ideas. Likewise it would be hard to demonstrate that the defenses of the West and the Atlantic community can be built up by military and economic means alone. A common spirit to animate all our joint and separate endeavors is needed most of all.

In Italy, both politically and economically things are considerably more desperate. Virtually two out of every five voters have registered in the Communist (or captive Nenni-Socialist) camp. The fact that the Communists had large sums, untold experience and a cohesive organization at their disposal did have something to do with their improved showing. They were extremely clever in posing as the peace party and in concealing their identity under dramatic local, or even Christian, symbols in many cities. Their posters and handbills proved extremely effective in a land where few workers can afford a newspaper, let alone a radio. But it remains an open question how many voters they actually misled among a people noted for their alertness.

Poverty in Italy continues to be the basic reason for the large protest vote. The rise in industrial production, the increases in savings and wheat stocks and the beginnings of reconstruction in the South have not touched enough of the people. The number of unemployed still exceeds two millions. The population grows by half a million a year. Yet only 130,000 are scheduled to emigrate during the current twelve months. All of Italy's urgent economic problems hinge upon this fact; an emigration on an adequate scale has to be the heart of any real solution.

THE largest Communist parties in Western Europe hold their own. They are doing this despite Russia's aggressions of the past six years, the Korean War and the obvious hamstringing of the UN by the Soviets. They continue to undermine the defenses of Europe from within despite Marshall Plan billions and steady economic revival. For these European workers are still de-

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prived of a decent livelihood and their prospect in a positive sense is still void of sufficient hope.

Few Complaints

WHEN the general news columns deal with television these days, it is either to tell of its effect on Hollywood receipts or on the world of sports—now that the Kefauver hearings are over. The fact that movie attendance is off one-third in areas serviced by TV channels (and hardly at all where television programs are not on tap yet) will undoubtedly lead to something more than the closing of a lot of local movie houses. The impact of TV on school, college and professional sports is likewise far from negligible. But these are comparatively minor matters. A new medium of communication is reaching into the American home with an intensity hitherto deemed impossible.

As Jack Gould puts it in introducing a series of special articles for the New York *Times*: "The ability of television to conquer time and distance together, permitting millions of persons to see and hear the same person simultaneously, is having its effect on the way the public passes its leisure time, how it acts and feels about politics and government, how much it reads, how it rears its children and how it charts its cultural future."

With the completion of its first five years of commercial existence and the introduction of the first regular programs in color, American television would seem to be at a turning point. The pattern is forming; the precedents are being set. Here and there a public figure, a teacher or a religious leader demands time or raises a question as to the nature and quality of TV fare. Again, on rare occasions, you may hear an anxious parent who wonders if Hopalong and the rest are not building up a dream world that is too exciting and makes everyday juvenile existence seem a bore. But set-owners, in the main, seem to like that they're getting.

Wayne Coy, Chairman of the Federal Communications Commission, recently told a gathering of television station owners that in a seventy-two day period last year the FCC had received less than a thousand complaints. More than one-quarter of these were in protest against liquor advertising, mostly from "organized prohibition and temperance interests." Lower down on the complaint list were resort to indecency or profanity, false or misleading advertising and give-away or lottery schemes. The categories mentioned here account for three-fourths of the protests; they skirt round the nub of the problem.

Mr. Coy took a composite week last year to indicate the subject matter of programs at the average television station. Entertainment accounted for 72 percent. Some 3 percent was allotted to education and 3 percent to discussions of various sorts. Except for religion (.9 percent) and agriculture (.2 percent) the rest of the programs could not be classified. Figures such as these should induce a bit of self-questioning on the part of the industry itself.

At this juncture Americans who are critical could give more thought to the sort of TV fare that would serve the public interest. This will be more effective than simply bemoaning the present emphasis on vaudeville and crime. Why has there not been wider exploration of the potentialities of this powerful new medium? Programs that would make some positive contribution to the life of the community deserve top priority in television plans.

• NEXT WEEK •

DONALD MCDONALD discusses a study of *The Press and Society,* compiled by George L. Bird and Frederic E. Merwin.

"Neither the studies in this book nor the performance of the general press supports the judgment [that the American press is manifesting an increasing strength]. Readers who rely exclusively on the Davenport or Des Moines papers for their information are unequipped for responsible political and social action, while readers of a paper with a positive bias, such as the Chicago *Tribune,* have completely lost contact with political reality."

Mr. Malik's Speech

THROUGHOUT the MacArthur hearings, as more and more of the nation's high military and political strategy was laid on the table for all the world to see, there was considerable apprehension here and abroad as to what the Russians would do with all the free intelligence they were getting.

It is quite possible that Mr. Malik's cease-fire speech, which is the first major Soviet move since the Congressional hearings began, represents a Russian decision based at least in part on a particular piece of information gained or corroborated from the hearings. The information was

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supplied by our military leaders in answer to questions asked by several senators who wanted to know what the US command planned to do if the Chinese threw all their air power into the war. The answer to this question was deleted from the public transcript every time the matter came up, but it is quite apparent from the context of what went before and after the deleted portion of the record that it is the intention of the Chiefs of Staff, in the event the Chinese strike with force in the air, to bomb Manchuria in retaliation.

The way the Korean war has been going of late, this piece of information is all-important to the Russians and Chinese in making their plans for the future, since it is now well established that the Chinese have very little chance of pushing the UN forces out of Korea unless they can offset our firepower advantage by employing more modern firepower of their own, either in the air or on the ground. As far as the Chinese are concerned, this means that they must eventually use air power, since their ground armies cannot be equipped and trained for mechanized warfare for a long time to come.

Were the Chinese to throw in their air power, and were the United States to answer back with its overwhelming superiority, the only hope for the Chinese would be to put pressure on the Russians to intervene. It would then be up to the Russians either to let the Chinese take defeat—and it seems most unlikely that the Russians could possibly let this happen—or to enter the war themselves, which would mean World War III.

What Mr. Malik has done is to propose a cease-fire not because the Soviets seek peace in Korea—it would, no doubt, be a matter of immense delight to the Soviets if the Chinese and the Americans were to go on letting blood there for years on end—but because the Soviets do not want to be maneuvered into a position of having to join the Chinese in an all-out war at this time against the superior atomic and industrial power of the West.

Just as the Administration was forced to recall General MacArthur rather than let him set off what Secretary Acheson has called a very risky chain of events, so the Russians have shrewdly notified the Chinese that Russia, too, cannot afford to risk the same chain of events.

What all this amounts to is that satellite warfare seems once again to have run into a dead end. Both the Russians and the Chinese find themselves in a position of having either to draw back or risk everything. Both are sullenly reluctant to draw back, neither one really seeks or intends permanent peace—but Russia cannot let China draw her into a world war, and yet China cannot hope to win without direct Russian help.

This is the set of circumstances on which Secretary Acheson and Secretary Marshall were counting when they advised the President to follow a policy of limited war in Korea, in the hope that we would not have to carry the war to such a point that Russia could not back out without dragging us into a total war. This policy was designed to avoid an atomic war and yet force the Communists to give up their aggression. It is, of course, by no means certain that a satisfactory settlement can now be made, since it would appear from Mr. Malik's tactics that what the Russians would *really* prefer is to push the Chinese into a position of having to continue a limited war, after the Soviets themselves have seemingly washed their hands of the whole affair. But even the Russians must know that they cannot pull off this maneuver without incurring the war risk they fear. If, then, the Malik speech does lead to successful negotiations, it is because the President, Mr. Acheson and Mr. Marshall have had the courage to hold fast to their policy under the most savage and malicious of personal and political attacks.

Europe Bound

AT this peak of the tourist season — when school is out—New York's waterfront is alive with color and activity. Six years after the cessation of hostilities the North River has resumed its pre-war look. British, French, Italian, Dutch, and other foreign liners are ranged along the piers together with "queens" of our own reviving merchant fleet.

Booking agencies report that, barring a summer war scare, more Americans will visit Europe this year than ever before in history—some 325,000 in all. They will be bringing their dollars, their optimism and their views of life to an ancient continent which could do with at least two of these elements in large measure.

American visitors, as always, have much to gain in exchange. The Festival of Britain and the two thousandth anniversary of the city of Paris will be but highlights in a contact with civilizations and ideas produced after centuries of struggle. Widespread American prosperity is said to make this summer's record visitation possible. But it is also spurred on by the fear that this may be the last summer the invasion will be a peaceful one.

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Letter Writer

THIS WAS BEFORE the war, in the slums of Chicago. I was at the Catholic Worker house, and right behind the place, in a ramshackle old building, there lived a retired Syrian priest, a man in his seventies, still vigorous and patriarchal, with his wonderful full beard, and exceptionally handsome. When we moved into the neighborhood we brought Skid Row with us. Even in that neighborhood there were standards, so at first the old priest was cool and aloof. He didn't approve of the long line of unemployed men outside his door—they queued up in front of his house to come in our back way. We knew that he didn't approve. But he was either too polite or too Christian to tell us we were lowering the tone of the neighborhood. He simply carried on for a long time as if the house of hospitality weren't there.

It wasn't until he learned that we owned a typewriter that the priest thawed out and came to call. He had a favor to ask: would I please type out neatly a few letters he had brought with him? The letters were carefully written on lined paper in his own beautiful script. I thought they looked more impressive than I could make them look on the battered Underwood, but I was extremely anxious to please. Friendly neighbors, under the circumstances, were very desirable. The bearded old man was unusually charming, too.

In time we became good friends. I used to type all his letters for him. I always thought they had more character and beauty just as he wrote them, in his exotic script, but he insisted they looked more important, more impressive and were more likely to be read when they were set up like business correspondence. He also liked me to edit them somewhat, translating a phrase now and then into more idiomatic English. After we became friends the number of letters increased. I must have typed hundreds of them.

The letters were to all the leaders of the world, without distinction or preference. It was enough that a man or woman occupy a seat of importance to be on the list of recipients. The letters went to kings and queens (not only in Europe, but African chieftains and Oriental potentates, too), to generals, statesmen, scientists, theologians, artists, actors, churchmen (all creeds), journalists, novelists, industrial giants. Almost all the letters ran to the same pattern. First the grandiloquent salutation—and how careful we were to get titles exact! I got in the spirit of things soon and we both carefully paged through reference books and Emily Post. After the salutation, there was usually a flattering resumé of the recipient's past accomplishments—to Shirley Temple, for instance: "You stole the heart of the world forever when you were still a ringleted baby!" Then some contemporary reference—"Your recent illness saddened millions of admirers who cannot imagine the world without you at its center!" Finally, a few paragraphs offering best wishes for happiness and continued success, or, if the recipient had suffered recent reverses: "May sweet fortune again smile on you and so brighten your days and the days of your children and their children. In this way, the sun will shine for all."

There was never an unkind, a critical, or in any way negative note in the letters. And they were often sent to persons with somewhat contradictory claims to fame. When a decisive battle was fought, letters went to both generals. One letter would be congratulatory, the other sympathetic. After an election all American political candidates got letters that followed the same pattern. A news item telling that the Empress of Japan was suffering from the flu meant that the same day a letter went off to Tokyo. A royal death meant a dozen notes of condolence were sent from Chicago to points all over Europe. The old priest knew all the complex family relationships of European royalty and saw to it that none of the official mourners was slighted.

In one day, I remember typing letters to Roosevelt, King Carol of Rumania, Winston Churchill, Senator Taft ("The only star in the Washington skies that ever shone more brilliantly than yours was that of your illustrious father. One day yours will be even more luminous than his because you have an advantage: you had a greater man for a father!"), Admiral Byrd and Bing Crosby ("If Virgil were alive, how he would delight in writing the poetry for your music!")

The bearded old priest was something of an historian. Every morning he got up before dawn so he could get a maximum of daylight to work on his many-volumed work, *The History of the World in Poetry*. The section on each country or place was written in the language spoken there. He was a professional linguist and had mastered at least a basic knowledge of dozens of languages in order to carry out this plan.

When I knew him three volumes of the work had already been privately published and several more were planned. He had a small legacy and it was to be used for this purpose. Since a wide variety of type was needed for each volume, printing was a complex, expensive procedure. There were only a few copies of the finished volumes in print. They were earmarked for strategically chosen university libraries throughout the world.

His *History of the World in Poetry* was as cheerful and uncritical as his letters. Whatever was unpleasant, harsh or invidious was ignored. There is so much trouble in the world, so many misunderstandings, he used to argue, why prolong them? There have been so many bad things, why not forget them? There are so many good things to remember. "When we bury the dead, we bury their sins with them. Why not do that to the past?"

* * *

I have lost all contact with the old Syrian priest and I should not be surprised to learn that he has long since gone to his reward. But if he is still alive I know that he has been writing many letters lately: to Truman and MacArthur, to Stalin and Tito, to Acheson and McCarthy, to Blanshard and the Bishops, to Chiang and Mao. "What harm does it do?" he used to ask. "They are all men and there is something good to be said for all of them. I pray for each one but more for the bad ones than the others. I hope they all go to heaven."

JOHN COGLEY.

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Failure in the Far East

The Great Debate should, above all, be the starting point for a sound new policy.

By MAX FISCHER

IF a great nation in the modern world is to preserve the free and human way of life it has come to cherish, and if it wishes to be a powerful influence on other nations, then it needs a firm and clear-cut foreign policy. The more so when all of its actions are opposed by another great world power with a dogmatic global plan of its own and a demonic will to enforce it. In Asia especially it has been our weakness not to have a policy on a great scale such as to arouse enthusiasm and sympathy. While the men in the Kremlin have had the initiative, Washington has been passive, hesitant and split within itself. So it is a healthy sign that the American people and their parliamentary representatives have become aware of this political weakness and have intervened by investigating our political blunders of the last few years.

The hearings before the Senate Armed Services and Foreign Relations Committees represent an outstanding triumph for American democracy. The opponents of our President's policy have had a full hearing and received full consideration. The people have been given facts to enable them to see the world situation we face and to make a sound judgment regarding the global struggle.

The global policy of Communism, with its aggressive probing on many fronts, is a permanent menace to our security; the effort to overcome this danger is a national duty that should be beyond party politics. After suffering a terrible defeat in China, we must now stop the Kremlin's expansion if we are to safeguard our way of life and preserve Occidental civilization. Whatever one's opinion may be regarding the questions in dispute, there can be no doubt that we must face Soviet aggression with a decisive, and not a hesitating foreign policy, and we must also reconcile with the greatest speed the differences that disrupt harmony among our Western Allies and among our political parties.

The hearings will come to a fruitful end only if they have clarified the problems involved to such a degree that we can build up a new and constructive policy in the Far East, one that can be supported by both major political parties and by our allies. Instead of waiting nervously to see what the enemy will do next, we should launch a positive Asiatic course of action that will enlist the sympathy of all those nations of Asia not yet conquered by the Communists, a plan of action that may even encourage underground sympathies in the Bolshevized countries. The "MacArthur Affair" is, therefore, much more than a debate about the merits and the errors of a distinguished general; it should be the starting point for a new constructive American world policy.

After the Second World War, Asia was in a state of revolutionary unrest. Most nations there had abandoned old cultural traditions and had accepted many features of the social and intellectual life of the West. The young Asiatic generation had been taught by Western instructors to admire the accomplishments of the American and French revolutions. But the young Asiatics did not so much gain the impression from this that the United States and France were necessarily fine nations; rather, they felt above all that their own nations should enjoy the same measure of freedom and national opportunity. Thus the Western instructors unintentionally prepared the way for Asiatic emancipation from the West.

The years of Japanese hegemony in Asia also strengthened the conviction that Asia should belong to the Asiatics and not to any colonial empire. Although the United States showed itself to be aware of this attitude in its policy toward the Philippines, nevertheless American postwar policy avoided antagonizing England, France and the Netherlands by pleading the interest of the nations under their sovereignty. Washington knew that all these Western nations had been weakened by the war and felt that they should be assisted in their efforts to grow strong again in order that they might counterbalance the power of the Soviet colossus. This policy of ours enabled the wirepullers in the Kremlin to pose as the only friends of Asiatic freedom and to win popular support, while the United States fell more and more under the suspicion of being in sympathy with European colonialism.

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IN China the struggle between our ally Chiang Kai-shek and the Communists developed into a civil war. The Chiang regime was based on a small and greedy clique that was not very popular throughout China. We failed to enforce reforms within this government before it was too late to construct a more popular basis for the fight against Communism. In face of the growing expansion of the Chinese Communists, several of our most influential experts and advisers on Chinese matters told us that the Chinese Communists were not bossed by Moscow but were genuine Chinese agrarian reformers. At the end of the Second World War, many influential so-called "authorities," like the ominous Mr. Lattimore, propa-

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gandized the idea that we might be able to appease the Chinese Communists. General Wedemeyer testified before the Senate Committees that four State Department men attached to his staff—John Davies, John Emerson, Raymond Ludden and John Service—gave to him memoranda "very critical of the Nationalist Government and rather praising of the Communist regime."

Who of these and many other fatal advisers were really Stalin's co-workers, who were naive fellow travelers and who were just erring political dilettantes has never been made perfectly clear by a thorough investigation. Anyway, many of them supported the absurd idea that we could inspire a stable Chinese government, partly Kuomintang and partly Communist. Though General Marshall started his mission to China with the illusion that he could work out a compromise between the two one-party regimes, he found that there was no chance to build up "a strong, united and democratic China," as he intended. Helped by the hands-off-China policy of Washington, the Communists took hold of the whole Chinese mainland. As even Dean Acheson has admitted (as for the rest, he failed to admit errors in the Administration policy), there was fear in Washington at this time that the Nationalists would not even be able to keep their stronghold on the island of Formosa.

In July, 1947, General Albert C. Wedemeyer had been sent to China and Korea. The report of his mission, with practical recommendations on our Chinese and Korean policy, appears today to have been the most realistic and far-sighted observation of the Far Eastern situation as of four years ago. Unfortunately, Wedemeyer's advice did not please the men in our State Department and it was not followed. His report was not published for a long time and was later published only in prejudiced selections. The General himself—first proposed as our Ambassador to China—was then transferred to the Sixth Army in San Francisco. In spite of his proven judgment, there was no effort to bring him back to the Far East.

General Wedemeyer recommended sending arms, military missions and technical aid to all the non-Communists in China, and he advised that Manchuria be placed under the trusteeship of the United Nations. Concerning Korea he proposed the formation by the United Nations of a government for the whole country, and the building up of strong military defenses in South Korea before the United States Army withdrew. It is likely that the Chinese mainland would not have been totally deprived of our influence and that we would not be fighting now in Korea, if this sound advice had been accepted by our Administration.

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WHEN, a year ago, the North Korean Army, spearheaded by tanks of Russian origin, drove across the thirty-eighth parallel, the democratic world was forced to decide either to bow again before a new act of Communist expansion or to accept the challenge of a local Korean war, which might easily widen into the Third World War. According to former Secretary of Defense Johnson, Washington was fully aware of this latter possibility when the decision was made to oppose with force the further expansion of Bolshevism. This resistance was called a "police action" and there was hope of localizing the issue; but there was never any certainty that the Chinese Communists, and perhaps even the Russians, would not enter the war, though American optimism—Truman's as well as MacArthur's—was inclined to minimize this eventuality.

Only when the Chinese Communists had really entered the Korean war did the disagreement between the Administration and the Supreme Commander in the Far East become evident.

It is apparent from the statements of General MacArthur and the Chiefs of Staff that they were basing their judgments on completely different grounds. General MacArthur, who was responsible only for the Far East, isolated the problems within the realm of his responsibility and he looked at all questions only from the point of view of destroying the immediate enemy.

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IT IS evident that this cannot be the point of view of the responsible men in Washington. The Administration has to look at the whole world situation and make all its decisions accordingly. It is unavoidable that a military field commander must yield to his government's policy, whether he be right or wrong. But, of course, instead of letting loose party rivalry, our Administration would have created a better atmosphere for a new start in Asia if it had released, at the same time, all the men responsible for the past political blunders in Asia. This might have cleared the air and produced the basis for a new bi-partisan American policy in Asia.

All the whitewash of the responsible men in the State Department cannot obscure the gloomy fact that the American China policy was based on erroneous or even deceptive information. This eased the way for the Communist victory which brought the inclusion of China into the orbit of the Kremlin. Our aid was withheld from the anti-Communists just at the very time it could have been effective. While adequate assistance to Formosa was denied and the Nationalists were bitterly accused of being the main source of the Communist arms supply (which largely came from the Soviet Union), Mao Tse-tung was constantly able to receive from Western countries the so-called "Hong Kong Roses"—oils, guns, chemicals, even a complete power plant for Manchuria, mostly by way of the Crown Colony of our ally Great Britain, and through Port Arthur and Dairen and even the Portuguese colony of Macao. The foreign policy of our nation remained inactive, while the alleged "agrarian reformers" made China a powerful bulwark for the "new world order" of the Kremlin. Even now Mao Tse-tung's expansion has been continued by integrating Tibet into Communist China, and our public opinion has accepted this new triumph of the hostile world rather indifferently, in spite of the great interest America and Great Britain have in saving this strategic country from the Bolsheviks.

In this fateful situation a new government policy is

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badly needed. At a meeting of the China Institute of America in New York on May 18th, Assistant Secretary of State Dean Rusk surprised his listeners by outlining a future China policy very different from that the Administration had followed hitherto. He revealed that the United States did not intend to negotiate on political matters with the Communist government of China or to supplant the Chinese Nationalists in the UN. That is exactly the policy the opposition to the Administration's course has followed for years, and it is not without interest that a man in the State Department was eager to proclaim these necessary measures before the Secretary of State himself, or the President, had thought it opportune to admit openly the necessity of a basic change in our Pacific policy.

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IN FORMING a policy in Asia, it is, of course, Washington's duty to think of global strategy and to avoid as much as possible a scattering of our limited resources. The government has to have a clear-cut idea about the relative value of any and every front in the world battle, which we can be sure will continue somewhere even if the conflicts in Iran and Korea are settled. But this does not mean that it should be disinterested and without principles of resistance on any of these fronts.

It is true that in the Second World War we concentrated first on winning the war in Europe. But this does not necessarily prove that the same strategy is advisable for the Third World War. The Second World War brought about a politically changed globe. Europe is no longer the dominant factor in world policy as she has been for centuries. The Asiatic nations have rejected their past inferiority complexes and today they are fully aware of their numerical superiority and their dynamic potentialities. Even as long ago as the late twenties, hundreds of intellectuals from the Far East were invited to study at Soviet universities specially set up for their training and there they learned how a political minority can subdue a nation and how to build up political machines to perpetuate Communist leadership. In this way the Russians are avoiding the imperialist stigma the Japanese earned for themselves. All the Asiatic nations now have well trained Communists who are not regarded as foreign conquerors, but as native nationalists, in spite of their dependence on the Kremlin. The longer we allow these political machines to penetrate the life of Asia, the harder it will be to bring the Asiatic nations back into a really democratic world.

It is an error, made on both sides in the current controversy, to assume that the fight for Asia can be looked at merely from a military viewpoint. Weapons of destruction cannot accomplish a stable settlement in our favor. We would be as unable to conquer the vast spaces of Eurasia with armies as Napoleon and Hitler have been. The only way to win the Asiatic nations to our way of life is to counteract the success of Moscow's psychological warfare and to enable the Asiatics to live in a freer and happier world in a mutual give-and-take relationship with the Western nations. The fact that there was only the unpleasant dilemma of choosing between the Communist way and the reactionary way of the corrupt Chiang Kai-shek clique added to our difficulties in China.

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BUT strangely enough, while we saw all the defects in the Nationalist regime we were blindfolded before the notorious fact that the Chinese Communists were an integral part of the Third International and obedient to Stalin's wishes. Now, Americans in and outside the State Department have recognized that the Chinese Communists are not harmless agrarian reformers but fanatical Stalinists. Nevertheless the absurd expectation is still very much in vogue that they might be bought off or persuaded to turn anti-Soviet and to produce some brand of Asiatic Titoism.

The reorientation of Tito is, of course, the most sensational success of the Government's foreign policy and there is a temptation to put all our hopes in this same eventuality. But it has not worked out in the other East European countries and it will certainly not work in Asia. While Yugloslavia, which has common frontiers with Italy and Greece, is in direct contact with the Western powers and has a long tradition of Western cultural influence, China, until a few decades ago, was a cultural world completely by itself and is now directly subjected to Soviet pressure along a common frontier of several thousands of miles. Manchuria, today China's industrial center thanks to Japanese development, is practically under Russian supervision and influence. I have not been able to discover the slightest proof of Titoist diversions in China; to the best of our knowledge the Chinese Communist leaders are among Stalin's most reliable stooges.

The failure of American political intelligence to inform us realistically about the Chinese Communists is as fateful as the failure to win potential native leaders for our Asiatic policy. As two recently published books dealing with the Asiatic Communist leaders go to prove, many of them started as nationalists or democratic reformers and were only lately won to Communism, since we failed to bid for their cooperation while they were still available. We have underestimated the potentialities of psychological warfare in Asia, while Dean Acheson still waits in vain for psychological miracles.

That some men in our State Department are fully aware of our former delusions is demonstrated by the Rusk speech. But the new political course that seems in the making will only be successful if it is preceded by constructive actions on a large scale. The success of our occupation of Japan demonstrates that the Asiatic tradition can be integrated into the system of the free world. If such aims could be realized despite all the resentment of a defeated nation, such a policy should certainly be successful if it is made to harmonize with the self-consciousness and the proud national aspirations of the awakening peoples of Asia.

It is evident that such a policy has to differ in many ways from the blunders we committed in China. We

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should not be shy about restricting the colonial greed of the European powers; we should freely encourage the Asiatic nations to build up their own civilizations according to their own inclinations.

The basic mistake of our attitude toward Asia was that we thought of the destruction of her historic traditions as a step in our favor. In reality this destruction made for chaos, promoted a nihilistic world outlook and prepared the way for Bolshevism. We must be aware that the value of these nations to a future free world will not be based on their aping of Western ways but on the development of their own specific potentialities. Such a rejuvenation of our Asiatic policy would also appeal to the idealistic-minded American people and it would give to our fight in Asia a new meaning.

Though those responsible for our past errors may still cling to their governmental positions, the time has come for new initiative and constructive thought. The war in Korea seems now to turn in our favor, but this should not obscure the fact that the fortunes of war are capricious, that the Korean peninsula is too small an area to decide the fate of Asia and that all decisions of arms are only made stable if followed by the vitality of a genuinely peaceful life.

★

EVEN in the event of a favorable compromise in Korea we have, of course, no hope that the Kremlin will abstain in the future from its expansionist world aims.

Our police action in Korea is actually an episode in the global war which will be continued on all fronts (even when the clamor of arms is silent) as long as Moscow is still confident that our world is morbid and that it should be changed into a world confederation of Communist states. When Senator Edwin Johnson proposed a cease-fire on the thirty-eighth parallel and the evacuation of all foreign troops by the end of this year, the Soviet press applauded. I think justly so, since this would not be a settlement in our favor. If the evacuation of all foreign troops from Korea is demanded, it means the withdrawal of the Chinese Communists to a point just north of the Yalu River, while the UN troops would be sent across the ocean. The alleged establishment of the status quo would in reality leave behind a completely changed and destroyed country, and the foreigners would be regarded as the cause of this destruction. The United Nations will have failed in its mission in Korea if we are not able to end the state of partition in the country, and the threat of renewed civil war. Instead of selling out Korea by such a solution it should be the aim of the free world to unify Korea under a free government and to launch a constructive program that would make Korea more prosperous than it was before the war. Only such a solution would inspire the other nations of Asia and help us in our fight against the Communist world menace. This is our most vital task, much more important than all the rivalries of party politics, which cannot be allowed to interfere with the basic questions of our security and world prestige.

FROM ITALY

Two Shades of Red

NO PROGRESS against Communism—these four words sum up the results of the local elections in Italy during May and June. The Italian Communists and their fellow travelers, the Socialists of the Left, remain the biggest Marxist factor outside the Iron Curtain, just as they were at the time of the elections in 1948, when the present Christian Democratic government got a safe majority. Now, as then, one out of every three Italians votes Communist.

These are the naked facts. They should not be obscured by Christian Democratic victories in many towns and municipalities, particularly in Northern Italy, and in Milan, Venice, Turin, Genoa and Florence, where the government party has gained a majority in the town councils. These victories were primarily tactical and due to the collaboration of the Christian Democrats with such minor anti-Communist parties as the Republicans, the Liberals, the Monarchists and the Social-Democrats. The Communists and their allies have been outmaneuvered, but they have not lost votes; on the contrary, they have enjoyed slight gains.

That is why both the government and the Communist opposition are celebrating victories. The government is celebrating its majority in so many new municipalities and town councils; the Communists are celebrating their slight gains despite the odds and stress the fact that the Christian Democratic Party as such has lost considerably. But this was foreseen and does not weaken the anti-Communist coalition; on the contrary it means political life in Italy is becoming more normal since it is the minor anti-Communist parties which have suffered losses. In 1948 too many disparate elements took refuge in the Christian Democratic Party, out of fear for the Communists. They are now re-grouping themselves in independent parties with their own aims. This weakens the Christian Democratic Party as to quantity, but it strengthens its quality.

★

THE Christian Democrats have not only lost votes to smaller anti-Communist parties on their right, but unfortunately even to the neo-Fascists. This is as disheartening as the surprising present strength of the Communists. The neo-Fascists got up to 4% of the votes in the Northern parts of Italy and nearly 13% in Sicily, where they might turn out to be the masters of the situation between the two equally large groups of Communists and anti-Communists. They have had these successes in spite of the fact that they have no outstanding leaders and their program is a sort of diluted Fascism, offering no original

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solutions to the problems of the hour. The people who have been flocking to the black banners of Fascism are mostly veterans, dissatisfied bourgeois elements and surprisingly large numbers of university students. In Sicily the neo-Fascists have had the greatest gains precisely where the Communists are strongest, as if people had been voting for them from fear of the Communists. The totalitarian trend of the last elections in Italy, owing to the neo-Fascists, was stronger than at any time since the end of the war. It is a discouraging sign from a democratic point of view.

The impressive showing made by the Communists has attracted the greatest attention, all the more so since the big political elections will take place next year and all parties are already organizing their propaganda according to the present results. Above all, the Italian Titoists, who attracted so much attention in the beginning of the year and awakened so many hopes, have been a cruel disappointment. The Communist Party has had time to repair whatever damage they did, thanks to its strong points, superior organization and discipline. These strong points have been the precise weakness of the dissidents, who have had too many leaders unable to agree on a common working policy. The only impact of the Titoist crisis is the loss suffered by the Communists among the industrial workers in the North, especially in Turin, Milan and Genoa. Apparently the lost votes went to the Social-Democrats, unless the disillusioned voters simply abstained from voting.

But these Communist losses in the North have been compensated for by gains in the South, where the Reds were still weak during the elections of 1948. In industrial areas of Sicily and in ports of great military importance like Taranto, just below the heel of the Italian boot, they are now as strong as in traditionally Communist areas in the North like Modena or in Tuscany. The Communists who earlier were concentrated in the North are now much more uniformly distributed all over Italy. It is true that the losses among the highly qualified workers in the North cannot be entirely made up by the numerical gains among the miserable backward proletarians in the South. Even if it has been a slight gain in quantity, it is a loss in quality. The Communists have not had time to train the Southerners and get them properly organized.

★

HOW IS it possible that the millions of dollars of the ERP program have been expended in Italy since the last elections without any appreciable effect on the sway of Communism? And how is it possible that the warnings of the Church against Communism have had such poor results?

In order to explain, many Italians make a clear distinction between what they call "social Communism" and "political Communism." "Social Communism" arises from chronic misery and demoralizing unemployment. It expresses the longing for a change, whatever it may be, among people living in conditions which could not be worse. They have nothing to lose and everything to win. They would vote for the devil, if there were a remote possibility of changing things that way.

"Political Communists," on the other hand, are people who are Communists because of political convictions, sometimes at the cost of considerable sacrifice. They supply the top layers within the Party and are of the same stripe as the few Communists in countries with a high standard of living, such as in Scandinavia. It is possible to remove the causes for "social Communism," but it is usually impossible to remove the cause for "political Communism." The "political Communists" try by every means to transform the others; according to the Communist patois, to make them "conscious."

The great majority of Italian Communists are "social Communists" and will remain so as long as there are two million permanently unemployed. These unemployed have just taken their revenge on a society which seems unable to do anything for them. They have voted Communist in order to attract attention to their desperate situation; they see no other way. They know from experience that the ruling class does not care about them and has not enough civic spirit to make an effort or a sacrifice to help them. They believe that the only thing which makes that class react is fear of Communism.

In spite of the recommendations and criticisms of the representatives of the ERP in Italy, its millions of dollars have not been used for public works in order to create full employment to the extent which they could have been. The government has been mainly concerned with safeguarding the lira, which is undoubtedly now a solid currency. The result of the elections seems to prove that it would have been better to have a weaker lira and fewer unemployed.

"Social Communism" is the reason too why the warnings of the Church have proved ineffectual. The unemployed and half-employed and underpaid know very well that as Catholics they are not supposed to vote for the Communists. The parish priests have been tireless in repeating it to them. But they vote that way all the same, as their "social Communism" seems to them to be as void of sin and even as meritorious as any other means they use to try to raise their standard of living. They do not see any dangers in their Communism, and no contradiction between it and their religion, so they cling to both. The local "political Communists" and the parish priest are equally aware of this situation. The parish priest knows that they are not lost to the Church as long as they have not become "political Communists" and the "political Communists" know that they are not reliable until they have become "conscious."

GUNNAR D. KUMLIEN.

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Partnership: A New Approach

LAST WEEK another daily newspaper died. This time it was the St. Louis *Star-Times*. A few months back the Hearst paper in Oakland, Cal., folded its tent and silently went out of business. Last year it was the New York *Sun*. And a few years ago the Philadelphia *Record*.

St. Louis is a city of close to a million people, the eighth largest in the country. Now it has one morning paper and one evening paper. The evening paper, the *Post-Dispatch*, happens to be one of the best papers in the country. It is a blessing that it was the *Post-Dispatch* that bought out the *Star-Times* and not the other way round.

But still this is a bad situation from any angle. The public has lost another medium of information and opinion. The two remaining papers in St. Louis have lost a competitor who might have helped to keep down the fatty substances that gather in the heads of publishers who find that life has become too easy.

And 575 employees have lost their jobs.

Perhaps 25 of these, perhaps 50, will find work on the two remaining papers of St. Louis. Others will go to newspapers in distant towns. But not many. Close to 500 men and women who once worked for the daily press will have to change their line of work or go unemployed. They will be making door knobs, baby carriage axles, candy boxes, elevator shoes, high tension wire, crullers.

★

WHY DO leading newspapers die in a period of high-level business activity? This is a big question and you will find no simple answer here. The excuses given by any business man when he goes out of business are sure to cover a multitude of mismanagement. Television is hurting the newspaper industry; there is no question about that. But this is what the publisher of the *Star-Times* said: "The year 1951 marks the fifth consecutive year during which labor and material costs have risen faster than the increased revenues necessary to meet them."

The principal material involved in the newspaper business is newsprint. On July 1 the Canadian manufacturers of newsprint were to raise their price another $10 a ton. They don't pretend that they weren't already making a walloping fat profit on the old price. But everybody wants newsprint, Canada has most of it, and the price had to go up $10 on July 1. It's as simple as that.

And what about labor? The printing craft unions are among the oldest and strongest unions in the country. Newspaper publishers don't like strikes and the result is that a printer in one of our larger cities now makes about $100 for a 37½-hour week, or about as much as a small-town bank president. The pressmen and stereotypers are only a little behind that and the photo-engravers a little ahead of it.

For a long time the men upstairs who wrote the big news stories were getting less money than the men downstairs who set the stories in type and ran them through the presses. The men upstairs were geniuses and couldn't be expected to see that what the men downstairs had and they hadn't was a strong union. Now, thanks to the Newspaper Guild, the geniuses are getting a more suitable salary and even the poor devils who just slaved away in the business office, fingering the raveled edge of their white collars, are doing well enough to look a pressman in the eye without cringing.

★

I DON'T know about the printing craft unions in St. Louis, but I imagine they are as strong there as anywhere else. I do know the St. Louis local of the Newspaper Guild is one of the best in the country. It has completely organized its field—one of the few big city locals to do so—and it has won wage scales for reporters of $113 and $115.50 that are surpassed only in New York.

The only jarring note is that about 250 of its members have now lost their jobs.

With the exception of the Guild, it can safely be said that the unions in the newspaper industry have done as well as anybody at the old-line union game. This game, up to the present time, has always been to get more and more money for less and less work. The unions have made no apologies for playing this game, nor should they be expected to do so. In 90% of the cases they were working too hard for too little dough.

In a few industries now—industries like coal, building construction and printing—where labor organization has largely won the day, intelligent union men are beginning to see that the old game is not always and everywhere the best game. And that maybe the time has come to look around for a new game. Labor in the newspaper industry isn't going to take the responsibility for publishers folding up. But maybe it will soon have to take some of the responsibility for keeping them in business. In self-defense.

★

THE French have an excellent saying which, in a few words, disposes of the question that has just used up more precious newsprint than any story since the affair of Aly and Rita. "War," say the French, "is too serious an affair to be left to the generals." In the same way, labor in this country, as it becomes stronger and more sophisticated, will have to see that job security is too serious an affair to be left to the employers.

What the newspaper industry needs is a little co-determination. And a few profit-sharing plans to persuade the workers that they have an immediate stake in the success of their newspapers. And maybe a few stocksharing plans as well. There is no need to worry about the pos-

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sibility that if we get the workers thinking in terms of profits and efficient management they are going to turn against the unions. Wherever large numbers of people are working together in an employer-employee relationship they are going to need a union to speak for them and protect them against the abuse of power that inevitably goes with that relationship.

★

IT IS becoming evident that the publishers are not up to the complex problem of keeping newspapers alive in the rough-and-tough world of today. Maybe the labor leaders wouldn't be any better at it. But this much seems certain: if all the brains and all the energy that goes to waste in a typical newspaper plant were harnessed and coordinated, newspapers would not be folding today. They would be making a good profit and their employees would be resting easy in their beds at night and getting more fun out of life during the day.

This is not just a matter of converting labor leaders to a new approach. I know a city where one newspaper union took the initiative and offered three local publishers full cooperation in setting up labor-management committees whose purpose would be to increase efficiency, eliminate waste and make the paper a better and more profitable enterprise. "No thanks," was the answer. And in one case, the one where such a committee was most needed, there wasn't even any "thanks" to it. The answer was: "Violation of management prerogatives," and "as long as we're running this businesss, we'll run it in our own way."

This is a free country and you can't force anybody to use the brains that God gave him. Or can you? The unions have forced a lot of publishers to do a lot of fine things that they would never in the world have thought of doing by themselves.

JOHN C. CORT.

The Stage

SEVENTEEN

I HAD A VERY good time at this Sally Benson-Hassard Short musical version of the old Tarkington materials, partly because Miss Benson, who adapted the book, has shown considerable respect for the quality of the original, partly because Mr. Short has staged it with lightness and taste. The very defects of the evening stem from a kind of over-scrupulousness on Miss Benson's part: she has been so faithful to Tarkington as to refuse to supply any additional musical comedy accent. As a result, the show turns precariously slight from time to time, but, when it does, either the librettist herself is able to rescue the situation with a sudden touch of honest humor, or Mr. Short and choreographer Dania Krupska are able to step in and do it for her. Miss Krupska's contribution is especially valuable; the dances are technically unpretentious, but they are unfailingly lively, and the show as a whole moves with ease and speed. In addition, there are funny and ingratiating performances by Frank Albertson and Alonzo Bosan, attractive period settings by Stewart Chaney, and at least two numbers good enough to tie up the show: "Oo, What You Do to Me," a parody on an early Ziegfeld Follies number, and "I Could Get Married Today," a trio for Willie Baxter, Genesis, and Genesis' aged father.

If "Seventeen" does not quite achieve smash proportions, this seems to me to be due more to bad luck than bad judgment. In the parts of Willie Baxter and Lola Pratt, Kenneth Nelson and Ann Crowley give competent and engaging performances. They do not, however, bring to the show that special magic which can sometimes turn an efficient entertainment into a memorable one. Luckier casting might have done it. As it is, both these young people indicate the Tarkington outlines clearly and pleasantly; such vices as they have are the vices of immaturity—Mr. Nelson spends too much time churning himself up for his own next speech and too little listening to what is being said, and Miss Crowley insists upon plugging all of her assets all of the time, a process which tends to shoot the works rather early. These faults do not so much detract from your pleasure in what is going on as make you wish for that extra shade of perfection which seems to be just out of sight in the wings. I think, too, that Sally Benson has again been unduly cautious in her treatment of Lola Pratt. Out of pity for contemporary audiences, she has eliminated a good bit of the baby-talk; the finished product is thereby more realistic and less stylized than is perhaps good for the musical comedy form of the piece, and, since the best laughs continue to come from what is left of Tarkington's maniacal prattle, Miss Benson's solicitude for the contemporary stomach would seem to have been ill-advised.

Walter Kent's score is one of those invariably described as derivative, and while the term is appropriate enough in the present instance, the composer has at least had the good sense to derive his music from the right sources. There is a lot of Rodgers and Hammerstein, some stuff from the Walt Disney stable, and some fair-enough lifting from period models; none of this, however, makes the score hard to listen to, and in most cases the adroit ministrations of Hassard Short and Dania Krupska keep you more interested in the manner in which the songs are presented than in any specific reminiscences they may afford.

Having said how much I liked "Seventeen," I now seem to be engaged in endless qualification. The show has its defects, all right; but when they are added up they do very little to dispel the extremely agreeable air of the proceedings as a whole.

If you are willing to settle for something less than a masterpiece, I don't think you'll mind it a bit. (*At the Broadhurst*)

WALTER KERR.

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The Screen

A RUN FOR YOUR MONEY

IF EVER A film was well named it's John Garfield's latest opus: *"He Ran All the Way."* Garfield, portraying an unhappy young man whose home life is by no means fortunate, acts as the strong-arm guy in a two-man hold-up. But alas for John, the "brains" man is caught right after the pair makes off with the loot; and John, very foolishly indeed, shoots a policeman and then starts running. By the time Director John Berry gets us into the third reel of his rapidly paced movie I was exhausted from all the running I had to watch. There's a little swimming too, because John does remember one bit of advice from the "brains" about mingling with the crowd. He mingles and while at the public pool, he meets up with Shelley Winters who isn't too bright either; she invites this goodlooking boy home for dinner. He comes and he stays for a couple of days—by holding her family at bay with a gun. By this time the running has quieted down a little for us because most of the rest of the picture takes place in this apartment. But things have not quieted for John whose head keeps spinning round and round, or for Shelley's mother and father who have cause to wish that they had taught their daughter not to pick up strangers.

While the actual plot of "He Ran All the Way" is not too unusual, the script, which Guy Endire and Hugo Butler wrote from Sam Ross' novel, is well written; and Director Berry has given it enough unusual twists to hold your attention from beginning to end. Garfield has played the unhappy, chip-on-the-shoulder young man many times before, but this time when he loses his partner who put him up to the deal, he is more confused than ever. As he holds the members of Shelley's family hostage (she has a young brother too) and as he realizes the warmth that can exist in a normally happy family, he almost understands where and how he went wrong. Most interesting of all in this setup of characters are Shelley's parents (well played by Wallace Ford and Selena Royle). They understand how their daughter could have brought home a man she met at the swimming pool, but they can't figure out how she stays fascinated by this strange person who shot a policeman and is even now threatening them with a gun. The scene in which Garfield forces the frightened and disgusted family to serve and eat the food he sent out for from the delicatessen will give you lumps in your throats. Actually "He Ran All the Way" is a pretty good thriller.

★

I CAN'T say as much for *"Sirocco,"* in which Humphrey Bogart tries to repeat a role he has played often. The set for this loquacious item is Damascus in 1925 and Humphrey, wearing that weather-beaten trench coat that saw him through his rum-running and Casablanca days, is now selling guns to the Syrians right under the noses of Lee Cobb, Everett Sloane and various other actors portraying Frenchmen who are occupying the country because of a League mandate. Neither the French nor the Arabs nor anyone else is very happy about what's going on. As an American, Bogart seems to be only interested in making money—until he also takes an interest in stealing Lee's girl friend whom Marta Toren plays as being more beautiful than virtuous. The plot moves very slowly with everything well muffled in mystery and ambiguous talk. Nothing much ever does happen and certainly the build-up isn't worth the somewhat forced conclusion that Bogart has a heart as well as gold underneath that battered trench coat.

★

A RATHER ambitious effort that deserves your attention in spite of its lack of success is *"Four in a Jeep."* Made in Vienna by Lazar Wechsler, who did such a good job with "The Search," this new picture gets rather involved what with its four languages and plethora of symbols in trying to show us what a foreign city is like when occupied by four different powers. Some of the picture is quite powerful, especially the scenes showing the Austrians meeting their repatriated relatives; but the main story concerning the American, Russian, French and English sergeants has to work too hard with issues that don't simplify as conveniently as the script would have us believe. Three of the sergeants get along very well in a chummy sort of fashion, but the fourth, the Russian, turns out to be a stuffy formalist who prefers to obey orders rather than be nice to the Austrian girl (expertly played by Viveca Lindfors) who is in trouble with the police because her husband has escaped from a Russian prison. "Four in a Jeep" is trying to say that cooperation would be possible if the four powers could only understand each other bettter on a man-to-man basis. With that we have little argument.

★

IT is unfortunate that the only new comedy struggles with material that isn't really funny. *"Half Angel"* is about a schizophrenic who carries on as a very dignified nurse in the daytime, but who lets go and raises the roof at night. It seems that one half doesn't know how the other half lives at all. Since the night half of Loretta Young is in love with Joseph Cotten (because her subconscious is urging her to do something left undone) and the day half of Miss Young has finally consented to marry a stuffy engineer (John Ridgely), the object of the picture is obviously to work things out so that the night half wins. Of course the merging of the two personalities would make a more sensible and scientific solution, but someone got the idea that this story was very amusing, so the whole piece is played as comedy—with Loretta being prim and proper in the daytime and then going out on sprees (not too hilarious) with Joseph come night. Needless to say the dialogue is full of wisecracks and the whole thing is as funny as the proverbial crutch.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

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Communications

Balkan Caesar

Ottsville, Pennsylvania

TO THE EDITORS: Permit me to correct some of the more glaring inaccuracies in Carol H. Weiss's review of *Balkan Caesar: Tito Versus Stalin* (June 8, 1951):

Nowhere do I conclude that "we might just as well consign Tito to the nearest outhouse." On the contrary, I conclude on page 229: "Yugoslavia is essential to the defense of Western Europe. So is Spain. Let us deal with Tito—and let us deal with Franco—in the interests of our national security, on which the security of the uninvaded world depends. But let us be wary, and let us remember that Tito is a far more dangerous opponent than Franco . . . and that, if we fail to use him better than he uses us, we shall lose Greece, Turkey, Italy, and Austria, and perhaps all of Europe as well."

Nowhere do I state, "flatly" or otherwise, that "however unpopular and dictatorial a government may be, if it is opposed to Communism, it is deserving of a rapture of dollars." On the contrary, I state that "we have the most solemn of moral obligations to exact the utmost in spiritual concessions from every tyrant who presumes to traffic with our alms."

Nowhere do I recommend that our "magnanimous guardianship be applied only against Communist governments." On the contrary, I recommend that "we be just as skeptical, and as hypercritical, in dealing with our erstwhile enemy, Tito, as we have been in dealing with our Greek, Turkish, and Iranian allies."

Nowhere do I imply that it is "fallacious," or "a sickly illusion," for us to attempt to exploit the situation in Yugoslavia. On the contrary, I predict: "With courage and determination we should be able to turn Tito's heresy to our own ends, which are the ends not only of capitalism (or what passes for such) but the ends of the civilized world."

Miss Weiss obviously subscribes to the "two dangerous illusions" that I enumerate—the belief that "communism is a lesser evil than fascism" and the belief that "by supporting National Communism, we can impede the advance of Imperial Communism and thus prevent, or at least delay, a war than has already begun." Miss Weiss is entitled to persist in these "sickly illusions" if she will. . . . She is not entitled, however, to misinform your readers by quoting an author out of context and by attributing to him views that he has not expressed.

LEIGH WHITE.

FOR FRIENDS ABROAD

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Of Note

Sinners in the Church

THE Spring issue of *Cross Currents* (Box 189, New York 27, N. Y.) presents an article by Father Karl Rahmer, S.J., rector of the University of Innsbruck, called "The Church of Sinners." The following is an excerpt:

> From this Church there is no escape which could be toward salvation. One can seek freedom in an undisciplined private life. One can flee into a sect or something similar. There one may hear less about sin, punishment, scandal, and with these things be less burdened. Such a man may then protest that he has nothing to do with "this" Church; he is perhaps closer to his ideals—he is certainly not closer to God. Nor can one appeal from the concrete Church to another theoretical one.
>
> There is only that ideal which has united itself forever with this Church and forever abides in her alone. And from this ideal one has fallen away if one seeks to cut oneself off from the unity of this Church, from her love, her belief, her obedience, for the sake of self-made ideals. Thus one can never in an "aequivoca generatio" seek to found the Church anew; she is for all times till the end of days founded by one Lord. One may by complaining, weeping, entreating, raging, accuse and flee from her—but only to her; one can never justly leave her. One cannot abandon her without in some measure losing that which one pretends to wish to preserve.
>
> All spirituality, however austere, which no longer endures the "figure of the handmaid" and the "mark of the sinner" on the Church—in humility and love and with the forebearance and patience of God—is soon found to be romantic delusion. Similarly one must sacrifice the madness of remaining in the Church and asking to preserve the prerogative of choosing between the "divine" and the "all too human."
>
> Wherever and insofar as the Church herself does this, then we really have the same right, whether in theology, or church art, in prayers and approaches to God, to assume the freedom of the children of God, and no one may demand more of us—as Pius XI says, speaking of dogma—than what the Church, the one mother of us all, demands. The more fully we know this Church, her life and teaching, the more objectively and the more freely we listen to her, the more we are impressed with her breadth and her generosity in rescuing us from ourselves into the greatness of God even where she seems to be forever setting down limits and speaking harsh words.

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Graham Greene as Critic

By NEVILLE BRAYBROOKE

MEN traveling up to London before the First World War might lean across the carriage and, pointing, say, "That chap over there. He's a sort of 'enry Straker character." For the Shavian impact of *Man and Superman* was as immediate as it was enormous. Again, a few stations later, the same man might lean across to his friend and add, "That fellow who's just got out. He's one of the John Tanner tribe, I should guess." A somewhat similar impact has been made by Graham Greene's work.

You go to a friend's house for dinner. In the course of conversation you discover that your hostess is a lapsed Catholic, the mistress of a rich Spaniard. Then he comes in and you realize that the whole relationship is built on pity one for the other, coupled with a certain hatred. You sit back and ponder it. "Almost a Scobie dilemma," an inner voice whispers.

Again, a few days later, you are walking in the back streets of some sprawling city. The pubs are closed, there are a few "queers" hanging about and a number of street-walkers stamping their feet in the drizzle. As you wander along, a raucous voice interrupts—"Looking for me, dearie?"—and at the same time you hear the tinkle of a till being opened as a publican checks the night's takings. You reflect: If I were Graham Greene I might link up that tinkle with the Angelus bell as a means of dramatic irony to underline the hair's breadth between damnation and salvation. For like Shaw's characters, Greene's also recall situations. One becomes accustomed to the Shavian landscape as one becomes accustomed to Greeneland. Comparisons between these two authors stretched farther than that become exercises in ingenuity; but the comparison between Shavian landscape and Greeneland can be a valuable one. It provides a point of departure for an assessment of Graham Greene the critic.

★

IN a short book on *British Dramatists* (1942) Greene refers to Shaw as another Irishman, like Sterne, who "plays the fool at enormous length, but without that little bitter core which lies hidden in *Tristram Shandy*," and continues:

> His ideas are often adopted for the sake of their paradoxes and discarded as soon as they cease to startle. He gives his audience a sense of intellectual activity—but they often imagine they have exercised their brains when they have really done no more than strain their eyes at the startling convolutions of a tumbler.

It is noticeable in Greene's own fiction that as it has progressed it has become starker; neither his language nor his meaning reflect "the startling convolutions of a tumbler." On the contrary in the early novels, *The Man Within* (1929), *The Name of Action* (1931) and *Rumour at Nightfall* (1932), when Greene attempted to write finely it was often stilted and, on occasion, the result was pure and simple verbiage. Here are some examples: a cart winds along a road "like a ladybird along the rim of a leaf," or, "Outside the door patches of fleeting blue sky [waved] in the rain and desolation like a tattered banner." The abandonment of such similes and metaphors is all the more startling when one turns to Greene's criticism. For there simile and metaphor play a large part:

> Dickens developed a style so easy and natural that it seems capable of including the whole human race in its understanding: Kipling designed a machine, the cogwheels perfectly fashioned, for exclusion. The characters sometimes seem to rattle down a conveyor-belt like matchboxes. Then suddenly with *The Pickwick Papers* came popularity and fame. Fame falls like a dead hand on an author's shoulder, and it is well for him when it falls only in later life. How many in Dickens's place would have withstood what James called "the great corrupting contact of the public," the popularity founded, as it almost always is, on the weakness not the strength of an author?

Perhaps these two extracts—the first taken from an essay on Saki entitled "The Burden of Childhood," the second from a Preface to *Oliver Twist*—provide a clue to Greene's creative writing. Certainly his criticism, like that of Eliot and others, is a defense of his own range as a novelist.

In *The Man Within* there is a description of one of the characters which has been called near-Dickensian. It concerns Mrs. Butler, a servant.

> She was a little stout old woman who gave the impression of being very tightly pulled together by a great number of buttons that strayed from their normal positions and peeped out from interstices and side turnings in her voluminous clothes. She had small eyes and very faint, almost indistinguishable eye-brows.

In *The Ministry of Fear* (1943) Arthur Rowe reads over and over again the novels of Dickens "because he had read them as a child and they contained no adult memories." So it is that one finds in Greene's criticism some of the main themes of his novels with the veil of fiction off. One is vouchsafed in his critical essays a glimpse of a novelist's journal and in his more personal pieces—his accounts of coronations and film lunches—a glimpse of the kind of raw material which a novelist stores. For Arthur Rowe's and also Greene's love of

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Dickens can be seen as complementary in A. E. Housman's poem, "Germinal"—a poem from which Greene has chosen by means of a juxtaposition the title for one of his books of essays, *The Lost Childhood.*

In ancient shadows and twilights
Where childhood had strayed,
The world's great sorrows were born
And its heroes were made.
In the lost boyhood of Judas
Christ was betrayed.

The lost childhood is the clue to Pinkie, Rowe and Scobie; there remains in them something of the boy cast adrift, endlessly attempting to recapture and so re-live the past. Children in a world of misunderstanding is a phrase which includes them all. For it was Greene's boyhood which decided his views about reality. There has been no subsequent change, but a maturing. "Look at me," says Ida in *Brighton Rock* (1938), "I've never changed. It's like those sticks of rock: bite it all the way down, you'll still read Brighton. That's human nature."

★

WHEN he was still a schoolboy, Greene had read Marjorie Bowen's novel, *The Viper of Milan.* It gave him a pattern to life—"religion might explain it to me in other terms, but the pattern was already there—perfect evil walking the world where perfect good can never walk again, and only the pendulum ensures after all in the end that justice is done." It was his recognition of original sin, of the fact that (left to their own devices and without supernatural aid) men *naturally* err towards what is evil. It was his boyhood discovery of this truth from watching the *natural* world which led him to accept Catholicism. "I am a Catholic with an intellectual if not an emotional belief in Catholic dogma."

Moreover his attraction to Henry James was because he found another writer whose vision was after his own heart: "evil was overwhelmingly part of his visible universe." For him other novelists who followed, with a few exceptions such as François Mauriac, suffered from believing that by mining into layers of personality hitherto untouched they could unearth the secret of "importance," but in these mining operations they lost yet another dimension: the visible world ceased to exist for them as completely as the spiritual, and, when walking down Regent Street, Mrs. Dalloway

> was aware of the glitter of shop windows, the smooth passage of cars, the conversation of shoppers . . . it was only a Regent Street seen by Mrs. Dalloway that was conveyed to the reader: a charming whimsical rather sentimental prose poem was what Regent Street had become.

This was a far remove from the reality of Henry James's "visible universe." For to Greene, James became a social writer only when he ceased to be a religious writer. Of Daisy Miller he might observe "Common she might be, yet what provision was made by that epiphet for her queer little native grace." But such telling touches are the marginalia in which both the Marxist and Conservative

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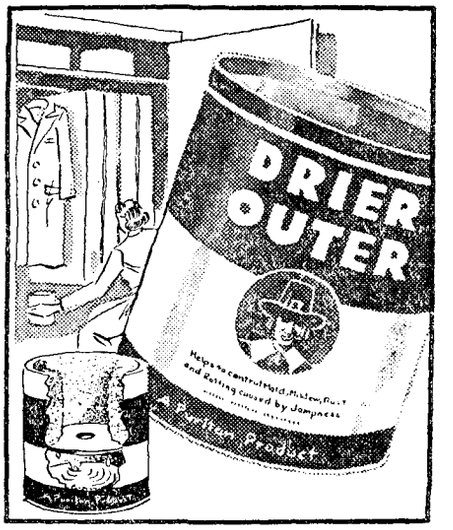

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critic find their delight. Not so Greene. To him James was essentially a revolutionary novelist whose vision was of a changing world in which people did not change, but grew older. Classes came to power and declined, while human nature remained the same. James saw the class of his own time as that which had had "the longest and happiest innings in history . . . and for whom the future wasn't going to be, by most signs, anything like so blind and benedictory as the past." As he went on: "I cannot say how vivid I felt the drama preparing might become—that of the lapse of immemorial protection, that of the finally complete exposure of the immemorially protected." This note comes through repeatedly in Greene's essays: in fact it is hard to come upon a piece of his criticism in which he does not mention James.

Yet valuable as Greene's criticism is for the light which it throws on his own craftsmanship and for its stressing of the religious aspect of James's work, there is about some of his essays a savage cruelty. One might even say that they are distinguished by both his courage and cruelty. Whatever he elects to write upon—be it Defoe, Ford Maddox Ford or the centenary of Messrs. Thomas Cook & Son—there is always at least one good original point: "Compare the careful architects of *Tom Jones*: the introductory essays which enable the author to put his [own] view and to leave the characters to go their own way untainted by the uncharacteristic moralizing of Defoe's." "Human nature in Ford Maddox Ford's books was usually phosphorescent—varying from the daemonic malice of Sylvia Tietjens to the painstaking, rather hopeless will-to-be-good of Captain Ashburnham, 'the good soldier.'" Finally this summing up of "Mr. Cook's Century," written in 1941:

> What would they have thought—those serene men with black mustaches, and deerstalkers for the crossing, if they could have seen in a vision the great familiar stationyard, dead and deserted as it was a few months back, without a cab, a porter or a policeman, just a notice, 'Unexploded Bomb,' casually explaining what would have seemed to them the end of everything; no trains for France, no trains for Switzerland, none for Italy, and even the clocks stopped?

Yet in other essays though there is a courage of convictions to be admired, there is in those on Eric Gill and Beverley Nichols a cruelty that is distasteful.

★

THERE is no doubt that the Eric Gill bubble needed pricking. He was a fine craftsman, but extravagance of praise led to him being overrated, to his being placed beside Michelangelo and Rodin (another two sculptors who cannot be equated). To this extent Greene's comments are a corrective. Yet in the contention that in England Roman Catholicism has been a great breeder of eccentrics, there is a certain slickness when he applies the thesis to Gill. His observation that Gill's beard and biretta were the expressions of fury against his environment is as surprisingly a superficial verdict as his last jibe: "That overpowering tradition of eccentricity simply absorbed him until even his most outrageous anti-clerical utterances caused only a knowing smile on the face of the faithful. The beard and the biretta won—he was an eccentric too."

This is to see Gill as a cardboard figure in a peepshow: it is a simplification which is a distortion, because in presenting only certain facets of Gill's character—and then only some of the more superficial facets—it lacks roundness as a portrait. Oftentimes in criticism, as in life, one has to be cruel to be kind: but there are different kinds of cruelty. There is that which is shot from the eye like a glance, its most common form being the snap-judgment. When it succeeds, it is deadly; when it does not, it borders on the slick. Greene's treatment of Eric Gill is a typical instance.

Then there is the more calculated kind of critical cruelty—what, in comparison with the other form, one might call the cruelty of a slow time exposure as opposed to the sudden snapshot. The method is well illustrated when in writing of Beverley Nichols's *No Place Like Home,* Greene pictures the author as "a middle-aged and maiden lady" and goes on to evaluate the book in such terms. The effect is calculated and, within its limits, ably executed; but out of medium. For the medium it requires is the intimate revue sketch. An artiste of skill could put over such a number without undue maliciousness whereas printed in cold type such a number would fail—as indeed is the case with Greene's review. The method is not suited to objective presentation and, when so treated, appears cruel without excuse: there is no question of its leading to kindness.

★

IT is perhaps to be expected that Greene's writing should recall the intimate revue sketch. For the melodramatic faults which sometimes come through in his fiction manifest themselves in a different way in his criticism. There, they tend to resemble the slickness of the revue sketch, but do not succeed since the author-reader relationship on this level lacks the warm intimacy of an artiste-audience relationship in the theatre.

Greene has something of a Websterian quality about his work; his fiction is shot through with it—and so is his criticism. In both there are excesses: in his fiction, melodrama and Grand Guignol; in his criticism, slickness and cruelty. Yet, these failings apart, there is in his writing a kinship with the Elizabethan and Jacobean dramatists which makes it much nearer their Hell-haunted world that that of the Shavian landscape; much closer to Henry James's universe of evil than to Virginia Woolf's private world as seen through the French windows of one of her own secluded rooms.

In short, Greene's work is a criticism of life and that section of it which falls under the appendange of "literary criticism" is but a defense of the characters of his own creation. The two activities are not separate for him: they are component parts of one and the same scene—different sectors of the map which makes up Greeneland.

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Books

Exile's Return. Malcolm Cowley. Viking. $3.50.

THERE was a generation of American writers—one of the nation's very best—which shared an amazingly similar body of experience: service in World War I, a return to America and an almost immediate voyage back to Europe, followed by a final trip home to live. Their observations during this cycle of wandering produced the stories that have made us aware, in varying degrees, of Ernest Hemingway, F. Scott Fitzgerald, John Dos Passos, E. E. Cummings and Hart Crane, among others.

Critic Malcolm Cowley, who wrote their story—and his—in 1934 as an informal literary history, *Exile's Return,* has now revised that book. Its appearance in 1951 is strengthened by the fact that many of the writers treated, notably T. S. Eliot and James Joyce, have grown in stature during the past seventeen years.

Mr. Cowley establishes first a pattern of life within which his friends lived and wrote. He says that it was a pattern which tore the man away from the memory of his childhood, turned him loose in a major war, and then failed to produce a life in which he ever again found real roots. These writers were exiles, says Malcolm Cowley, and "their real exile was from society itself, from any society to which they could honestly contribute and from which they could draw the strength that lies in shared convictions."

This last comment is not a novel idea, literary or otherwise, in this century; its validity, however, is more pointed in the case of writers who are necessarily sensitive to the ordinary and extraordinary emotions and experiences of men. There are countless cases of artists who, in order to achieve their visions, have separated themselves in many ways from the ordinary routine of life. But it is doubtful if any century has ever witnessed so many genuine artists who, while desiring to create and also live in an integral society, have instead found themselves protesting against a society whose values are reversed.

Although Malcolm Cowley states excellently the outward circumstance of a society which prompts exile and "escape into art," his use of the chapters on Harry Crosby can hardly be accepted as symbolic of our creativity or as a judgment of our times. (Mr. Cowley relates how Harry Crosby, a minor writer, interests himself in a literary cult, largely individual, which leads him to suicide.)

The perspective which this incident gives to the literary history of *Exile's Return* is considerably less than, say, that of T. S. Eliot, whom Mr. Cowley and his friends respected as a "flawless poet" but "instinctively rejected" because of "his desert pilgrimage toward the shrines of tradition and authority." A far more inseeing judgment follows in Eliot's *Choruses From the Rock,* when he states in poetry what all the exiles felt and lived and which Mr. Cowley often indicates in *Exile's Return*: "The highest achievements of our material civilization . . . count as so many symbols of its spiritual failure."

KELLY COOK.

Island Interlude. Claude F. Koch. Dodd, Mead. $3.

HERE is a rare thing, a war novel that can give a hint of meaning to war. This is not a *War and Peace,* a great book, it is an impressionistic novel and the impressions are a bit too diffuse, the characters a bit too blurred. The meaning doesn't come through with the clarity and power that distinguish the really big ones. But the attempt is made, and with a clarity of concept that is rare and rewarding. The book is concerned with a group of malarial marines stuck on an island off Guadalcanal in the days when the name of the place was still new to us, and with a priest who exchanges some corpulent vanity for wisdom. The priest is the focal character of the novel. He lends it sentimentality in its worse moments and in its best awareness of the awful choice that follows men into war, giving it is only real meaning. The book has faults. The writer tried to be too extensive; he tried to develop several characters to say what could have been better said with one. But in a first novel a writer is feeling his way and is entitled to certain allowances.

EDMUND NAUGHTON.

Suleiman the Magnificent: Sultan of the East. Harold Lamb. Doubleday. $5.

HAROLD LAMB'S "biographical" studies, together with his "historical narratives," have developed into a really substantial body of Near Eastern historical work, as well as a distinctive form of popular exposition. The form and prose continue to be rather floridly decorated, in the manner expected of popular novels. Actually, his style seems considerably more reserved than its reputation, and the substance is increasingly strengthened by clear lines of historical inquiry, criticism and theory. He aims at a good story which is good history, and his sacrifices in either direction are surprisingly contained.

Suleiman the Magnificent carries the author farther West than he had to travel with the Mongol conquerors and Muscovite empire builders of his earlier books. The Ottoman, or Osmanli Turks, had inherited the Byzantine Empire in Europe, as in Asia and Africa, by the time Suleiman came to power in 1520. Mr. Lamb gives the Turkish regime much the same function Toynbee does: ". . . The Osmanlis, though economically an incubus [which Lamb's book indirectly contradicts], served a positive purpose by providing the Orthodox Christian World with the universal state which it was unable to achieve for itself." The past extension of Byzantium impelled Suleiman to test the European

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borders of the ancient Eastern Empire at Mohacs, then in Hungary, and even at Vienna—to the terror and distress of divided European Christendom. On the Mediterranean, Turkish fleets established, transiently before Lepanto, the dominance of Justinian's Constantinople.

Harold Lamb shows the inner necessities of the Ottoman system driving Suleiman, against his own will, to "magnificent" success in the outer "Lands of War." Internally, the Ottoman state was the fascinating *"tour de force"* which both created the Empire and at the same time destined it to stop short and freeze as an "arrested civilization" over-bent toward external conquest and rule by a single will.

The book gives a colorful and convincing picture of this Turkish autocracy at the height of its glory—and a sweeping glory it was. The all-conquering Army, the rich and efficient Serai, or palace and harem, and, above all, the bureaucratic "Organization" are brought alive by an accumulation of impressions. They are the impressions of Turkish chroniclers and of contemporary Venetian and Austrian representatives to the Golden Horn, and, certainly, of the author himself, who, although avowedly an amateur scholar, is no mean traveler and student.

The triple structure of the Ottoman Empire—Army, Serai, and Organization — was not Turkish in blood or nationality. The peculiar ruling institution (by nameless tribute children) had to be governed hard and exercised with archaic ruthlessness if it were to serve efficiently the Osmanli monarch and his small minority of Turkish clansmen and to placate the "inner nations" which had benefited by its order. And Suleiman, although separated so sharply from Western Europe, also was a great sixteenth century "enlightened" Renaissance prince, inquiring of mind, uncertain in temperament, luxurious in taste. Through his long reign Suleiman grew more devotedly Moslem in attention and interest, but he was primarily, according to this author, a "liberal." It was not in him and not in his circumstances to sustain the cruel, antique virtues of his élite Janizaris and civil service and slave household.

Suleiman was, indeed, caught in a typical liberal dilemma, and the tragic summary of his character and effect, which the author gives in a chapter called the "ebb of the Turkish Tide," forms a practical picture of that frequent situation. Suleiman built a magnificent reign, extending from Tangiers to Persia. He built it on a foundation he criticized by his thoughts and deeds so effectively that the foundation was fatally weakened. Harold Lamb, and almost any reader, will join in the criticism of the system Suleiman inherited, but it remains apparent that the great Sultan did not discover truer virtues and better methods to replace the driving power his nomad ancestors had dramatically brought West from the bare and pitless steppes of their obscure origin.

PHILIP BURNHAM.

The Great Disciple, and Other Stories. W. B. Ready. Bruce. $2.50.

"GOD be with you, Dinny Whalen. It was given to you, as it is given to few men, to show the glory of being set down, human and knowing, on this earth—and you showed it by playing ball." This apostrophe to the hero of Mr. Ready's title story hits the note of wry piety, of soft epic extravagance which runs through all these tales. The characters are men of large and simple purpose, "a bunch of Cuchulainns," whether they are out to capture a Rugby championship, foil a cattle raid, or win a war. They are seen at heroic, at times hazy, distance, for these light essays—"memories of happier days" in Wales and Ireland, most of them—touch life only at the point where it becomes legend.

Mr. Ready is at his best in his school stories; here the lovingly remembered background with its evocative detail can support the somewhat jejune fabric of "glory." Much thinner are his four tall, falsely hearty tales of Coo-Cullen—"a boy there was in old Ireland, whose mother called him Sally"—and his anecdote about the way Finn MacCool built the American railroads. Some of these stories originally appeared in the *Atlantic* (for the Irish-Welsh regional color), others in the *Saturday Evening Post* (for their chivalric sentiment, their bright and careful remoteness from reality).

RILEY HUGHES.

The Christian Century in Japan (1549-1650). *C. R. Boxer. University of California Press.* $7.50.

THE AUTHOR, now professor of Portuguese at London University and previously a major in the British army, who spent a number of years in Japan, combines all the qualifications needed to produce a scholarly account of one of the most interesting periods in the history of the Missions. The brilliant start of planting the Church in Japan, beginning in 1549 with St. Francis Xavier, was carried on by such outstanding figures as Alexander Valignano, visitator of the Jesuit province of Japan from 1574 to 1606, who like Nobili in India and Ricci in China skillfully adapted the outer trappings of the Christian faith to the cultural milieu in which the Church labored to strike root. Supervened the rivalries between Portugal and Spain, between Jesuits and Friars, between "Papists" and Calvinists (Dutch and English), helped by the entanglements of the Missions in finance and politics: the outcome of all being a growing suspicion of the ulterior motives of all these foreigners on the part of a *shogun,* who was just beginning to establish a centralized government after centuries of anarchy, and who in the end decreed a savage suppression of the Church, beginning in 1614 and ending in the gruesome tortures and glorious martyrdoms of some 6,000 Catholics—a Far Eastern replica of the suppression of "Papistry" in Elizabethan England.

Professor Boxer has made available the latest finds in the archives and libraries of Lisbon, Coimbra, Valladolid, London and Rome, and therefore may be said to have solved a number of minor historical prob-

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lems connected with his subject. His style is lively, though tending to prolixity; want of system in the presentation often produces tedious repetitions. The general historical background of the time being left out, the reader will do well to read the relevant pages in a classic like G. B. Sansom's *Japan*, before settling down to the present volume.

Curiously enough, while the author takes a knowledge of this historical background for granted, he deems it necessary to explain the nature and spirit of Catholic Religious Orders—which shows that he is writing as a non-Catholic for non-Catholic readers. The very obvious anti-Catholic bias of the first chapters, however, becomes less and less noticeable as the story of the martyrdom of the Church in Japan is being developed: it almost looks as if the heroic fortitude of the cloud of witnesses triumphed over the native prejudices of their latest historian, *malgré lui*.

H. C. E. ZACHARIAS.

Letters of Gustave Flaubert. Selected, with an Introduction, by Richard Rumbold. Translated by J. M. Cohen. Philosophical Library. $3.75.

IT was one of Flaubert's principles "not to write oneself" into one's books. So the great writer wrote to one of his correspondents. *Madame Bovary*, he declared, had no foundation in fact: "It is an entirely fictitious tale. I have put nothing into it of my own feelings or my own life."

If that is true, it is no less true that he put a very great deal of his feelings into his letters, as this volume will only too eloquently testify. The variety of personal interests revealed here is considerable, ranging from simple affections and love to travel impressions and the torments of trying to achieve perfection in his chosen art. The correspondents appear in variety too. They include Baudelaire, Princess Mathilde Bonaparte, George Sand, his mistress Louise Colet, his mother, the Goncourts, Huysmans, Taine, Turgenev, Maupassant and several less known but very intimate friends.

There is no cold detachment here, but genuine warmth, and unsuspected pathos. As his own or friends' friends die, Flaubert shows profound concern. Writing to George Sand on the loss of one of her friends, he reflects: "What a number of dead we carry in our hearts. Each of us bears his cemetery within." Yet, as one expects, his chief preoccupation is with the art of writing. To many today it will seem excessive. "I do not think many have suffered as I have for literature," the writer declares. Elsewhere he speaks of his literary discipline, which he terms "a perpetual sacrifice on the altar of good taste." In the same paragraph he asserts: "The artist should no more appear in his works than does God in nature. Man is nothing, his work is everything." If this reveals Flaubert's peculiar strength, it is no less a confession of his fundamental weakness. For to other writers no less great than Flaubert, as we know, God appears in everything, and surely in na-

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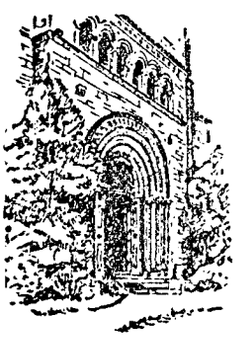

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Impact on Asia

LATER this month The Commonweal will publish an article on "The Impact of the West on Asia," by Arnold J. Toynbee. Here is a short excerpt:

> To us it may seem today as if Asia were taking the offensive against us, but to the Asian people it does not look like that at all. To them it looks as if they were now at last just beginning to stand their ground and hold their own against a Western offensive from which they have been suffering for at least four centuries and a half—for they have been feeling our pressure ever since Vasco da Gama reached India by sea round the Cape of Good Hope in 1498.
>
> During all that time, as the Asian peoples see it, they have been on the run. By the end of the nineteenth century an aggressively expanding Western world had almost driven Asia to the wall. If she has saved herself at the eleventh hour from the West's military, political and economic domination —and Asia is not yet sure that she has saved herself—she has anyway done it only by the skin of her teeth.

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ture. But one cannot doubt the honesty and sincerity of Flaubert, and these letters are a self-confessed tribute to one who apparently loved his work more than himself and suffered for it. JOHN COURNOS.

The Lives of the Saints. Omer Englebert. Translated by Christopher and Anne Fremantle. McKay. $5.

THERE are twenty thousand saints mentioned in the martyrologies, the breviaries, missals, calendars, dictionaries and collections. For this work, the Abbé Englebert retained 2300 names and gave space to about a thousand. None of the great names of hagiographical history has been omitted.

To each of the saints the Church assigns a feast day. Thus St. Patrick shares March 17 with, among others, St. Gertrude of Nivelles, St. Agricola and Blessed Thomasello. Here the appropriate biographies are given for each day of the year. They are based on historical scholarship, while the more endearing legends are again retold. An interesting, valuable study and ready reference book.

• REVIEWERS •

KELLY COOK, formerly a member of the English Department at Notre Dame, is now on active duty with the Air Force.

EDMUND NAUGHTON is doing graduate work at Fordham.

RILEY HUGHES teaches at the Foreign Service School at Georgetown.

H. C. E. ZACHARIAS recently returned to the United States after many years in the Orient. He was on the faculty at the Catholic University of Peking.

JOHN COURNOS is a short-story anthologist and a reviewer for the New York *Times*.

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